

# Money (Dollar Bill)

Everlast

Dollar dollar bills  
Deutch, marks, franks, yens, and pounds  
I rock the jocked up sounds  
From Devenshire Downs  
Out the Fordham Road  
Up top in the boogie  
I be loyal to my peeps  
Like budha stud doogie  
Never very bad news  
Payin' crazy dues  
I'm blowin' out crews  
And tamin' mad shrews  
Like Bill Shakespeare  
The fakes will disappear  
The flavor in your ear  
Is strong like Everclear  
Two hundred proofs  
So put the match to the roof  
And set this bitch on fire  
Get rich, the empire's  
About to strike back  
If you rock the mic wack  
And that's the way it is 'cause yo  
It's like that

Money, money y'all  
It be the root of all evil  
Money, money y'all  
It makes you popular with people  
I go back to the 80's  
Like three times a lady  
When it was pussy for free  
And crack for currency  
It just occurred to me  
It's time for surgery  
I remove MC's like tumors  
The lies and the rumors  
Got me thinkin' of this dub  
By Timex Social Club  
Yo, word to my momma  
I'm high off the trauma  
Whitey Ford gets deeper than subway trains  
And I serve lazy fools like fast food chains  
All pain no gain  
Makes the brain insane  
Life in the fast lane  
he flakesThe cash gains (for real)

Dollar bill y'all  
Dollar bill y'all  
Dollar dollar dollar dollar dollar bill y'all  
It takes money  
To get that fly ass ho  
It takes money  
To see me rock a live show  
It takes money  
To get that last bag of smoke

Cause they kindly take from it when that ass was broke  
Hey yo I'm about to g-off  
Just like my name was Ed-o  
Black kids call me whitey  
Spanish kids wetto  
White kids call me the king of this b-boy thing  
If it's broke then fix it  
If it's wack remix it  
Can't none of you MC's ever fuck with these  
You be crazy on my dick  
Like some porno chick  
For the style that I'm blessin'  
Ain't no second guessin'  
Kid heed the lesson, subtraction, addition  
Reward for submissionA  
in't no debate  
Won't stop till I'm eatin' off a platinum plate  
I want the stocks and bonds  
Plus the real estate  
I want the iron gates  
And low interest rates  
Plus a fly little spot to bring all my dates  
A little stash of the cash put aside in a safe  
When times get lean  
Y'all know what I mean

Money money y'all  
Some be callin' it cream  
Money money y'all  
Some be callin' it fame  
Money money y'all  
But once I get it I'm J

I want cash and checks  
I want diamond rings  
I want jewels on my neck  
And mad fly things  
I want a stack of fat chips  
So I can take long trips  
I want to sail the Bahamas  
On my own cruise ships  
I want acres of land  
I want papers in hand  
I want stocks and bonds  
All pros no cons  
Hey if it smells funny  
Then back it up honey  
I want the money y'all  
I need the money y'all...